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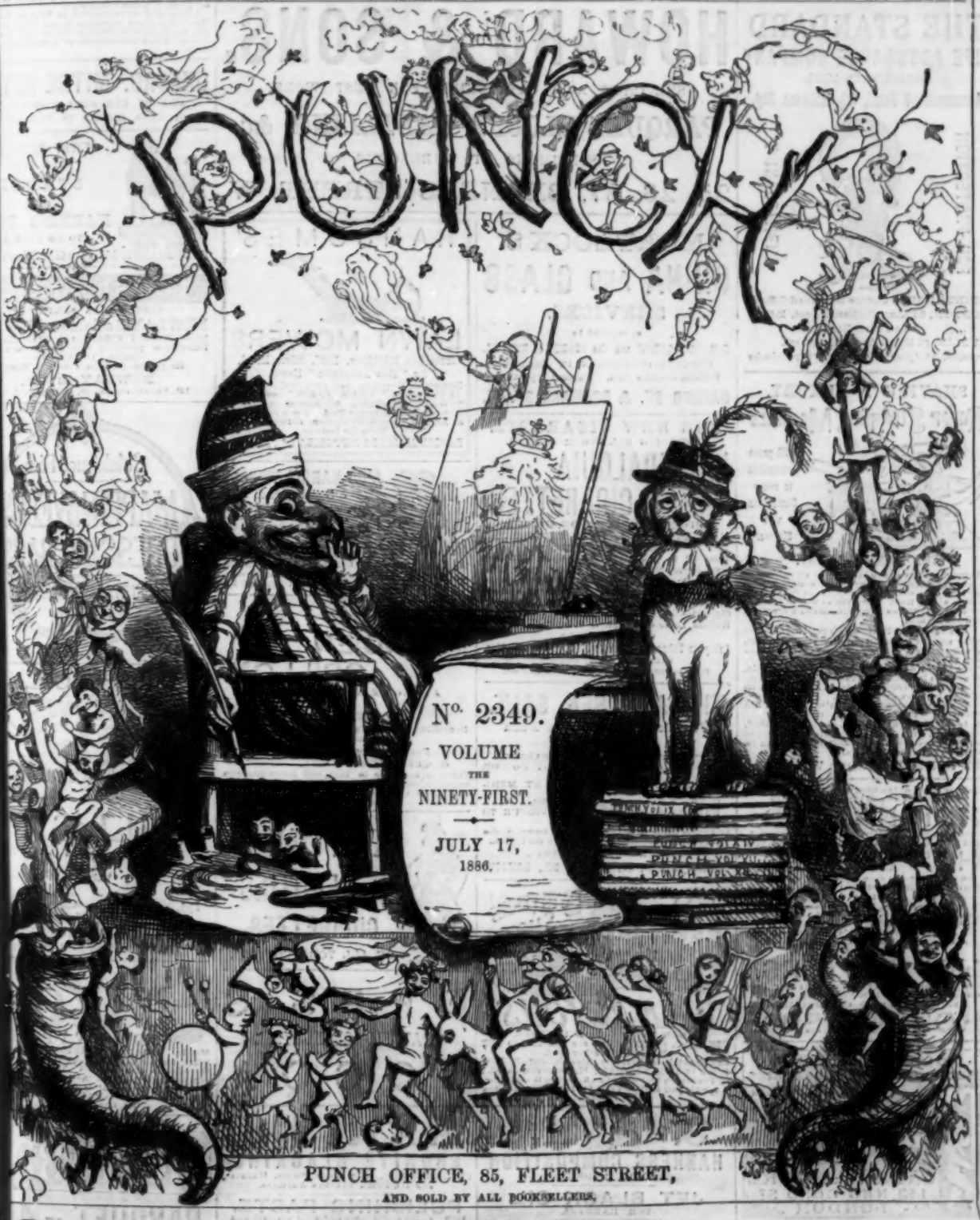

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Madlle. VALERIE THERESE has inve SOAP for the TEETH which is a luxury the effect is instantaneous. Teeth blacke decayed are restored on the first applicatio everywhere, in pots, at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. sale, the ANGLO-PARISIAN DRU 169, Fleet Street, E.C.

HOWARD'S
PARQUET AT 4
Manufactured by Themselves
26, BERNERS ST.,

'ARRY ON 'OME RULE.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Bin at it agin, mate, and slap in the thick of it, too,
Wich at ninety degrees in the coal-'ole is pooty 'ot ullaballoo.
All along of Old Collars, confound 'im! as won't take his gruel and go;
But I think we shall bosh 'im this hinnings, and then I shan't care arf a blow.

I did ought to 'ave bin down at 'Enley with JEREMY JINKS and his gal,
And canoodling about in a 'ouse-boat is wot I *am* nuts on, old pal;
'Stead o' wich I 've bin pasting, and posting, and 'owling 'ooray till I 'm 'orse,
For I 'm boss of our District Committee, and bound to out records, in coourse.

Beastly bore this Eleckshun, my pippin, but wot can a patriot do?
We *must* give them Disunionists toko, and fly the old Red, White, and Blue.
That bloomin' old man in a 'urry 'as got to 'ave one on the nob,
For mucking our Season in this way, and 'ARRY is fair on the job.

We shan't have no peace till *he* 's settled. I 'oped we 'd ha' done it last go,
But that Acres and Cow bizness floored us, thanks mainly to Brummagem JOE.
'Owsomever *he* backs us this journey, and old JOHNNY BROADBRIM hisself,
So I fancy the Woodman must own as it 's time he wos laid on the shelf.

I 'm Unionist down to my 'obnails, and Protestant all up my back,
A Paddy I 'ate wus than pizen, and as for the POPE and 'is pack,
Lor', CHARLIE, they ought to be frizzled. 'Ome Rule is the 'orridest rot,
For a country all Priests and Parnellites is bound to go promply to pot.

Won't disinte—whotsit my country, old man, not while *I* 'm 'anging round.
I feels like them Hulster chaps, CHARLIE, I 'd chaw burning tow by the pound,
And die in no end of last ditches afore I 'd cave in to PARNELL;
Leastways so I kid 'em, dear boy, as will probably arnser as well.

'ARRY 's fair on the bile, and no error. Lor', CHARLIE, the larks we 'ave 'ad!
Take a paste-pot and brush arter dark, and jest drive the Disunionists mad
By sloppin' our bills over theirn wheresomever they stick 'em, yer know.
Our purse is the longest, yer see, so they pooty soon find it 's no go.

The ochre is with us, I tell yer, and so is the lotion, old chuck;
All the pubs are a blazin' with Orange, which strikes me as jolly good luck.
It 's precious dry bizness, is 'owling, and brings on a thundering thust,
But of all the palate-parchers, dear boy, I think postage-stamp sticking is wust.

Did six hundered larst Saturday night, it 's a lick and a stick, and a thump,
And I tell you that when I had finished, I felt I could dry up a pump.
Polling-cards dontcher know for the Voters; won't ketch me agin on that lay,
Though six lemon-squoshes, with whiskey, ain't bad, when you don't 'ave to pay.

Well, we 've carried our man, my dear CHARLIE, and given the Korkus what for.
That 'll take the starch out of Old Collars. *He* nobble the masses? Oh, lor!
Wy the working-class down in our parts is agin 'im amost to a man.
Flood our market with Irish cheap labour? No fear, mate, that isn't *their* plan.

'Ome Rule 'ud make Ireland a 'Ades, our Member remarked, and he 's right,
When the Paddies 'ud swarm like musketeers to England. A bloomin' fine sight!
Oh, I tell yer he worked that 'ere argyment proper, our Unionist did,
And we shan't out our throats for dashed Cartholick brickies, you bet arf a quid.

Lor' bless yer, it 's all tommy rot this 'ere "brotherly" bizness. Old WEG
Thinks the working-man's "instink" is with him; he 'll find that a precious bad egg.
Try another, old Josser! The Sawnies and Tykes may be nicked by his bosh,
But he better not try it down South, for he 'll jolly soon find it won't wosh.

Yah! Wot a old Juggins he is! JOE knows better. Not arf a bad sort
That 'ere CHAMBERLING ain't, arter all. Oh, I tell yer it 's proper fine sport
To see 'im a-slating the Old 'Un; and as for that there Mister CAINE,
I could 'ug 'im, my boy, and no error, and stand 'im a pint o' champane.

Wy, the Korkus down 'ere used to washup 'im (*wos* called him old Monthly Nuss,
'Cos he brought out so many young Clubs, CHARLIE), now you should 'ear how they cuss.
They thought if there *wos* a 'Ome Ruler 'twos him, as hinformed 'em he sat
At the feet of Germaliel POWER, a 'Ome Ruler all round his 'at.

Aha! CAINE has give 'em the Kibosh, and wot makes the beggars feel worse,
Is to 'ear 'im fall foul of the Paddies, and talk of the power o' the purse.
Fact is he 's a patriot, like RANDOLPH, and too cute a cove, *I* should think,
Not to know as a Cause soon gits busted, unless it is backed by the chink.

Yus, CHARLIE, the Ochre is with us; we don't mean to spend it I 'ope,
In making things snug in Ould Oireland, and 'anding her on to the POPE.
No, the People, the Peers and the Parsons for once pull together, and swear,
To 'ang on to the Union Jack, wich old WEG and 'is shirkers would tear.

'Ang Ireland! I 'm sick on her, CHARLIE. Wy carn't she turn Protestant, hay?
Her religion is all tommy rot, and she *must* ha' found out it don't pay.
If she 'll jest chuck it up we can talk to her. *Then* we can put her all right,
For we 'd *all* be her backers then, SOLSBURY, CHAMBERLING, SPURGEON, and BRIGHT.

'Owsomever we 've bunnicked up GLADSTING, a barney all patriots enjoy;
Lor! I 'll stand our Committee drinks round on the day he 's kicked out, my dear boy.
'Ome Rule be eternally jiggered, and as for the traitor who 'd carry
A Measure to bust up Our Hempire—well jest let 'em leave *him* to 'ARRY.

THE TOURIST'S BOOK OF FATE.

IF YOU DREAM OF	IT MEANS
Antwerp	That you will be bored to death by RUBENS.
Boulogne	That you will lose a small fortune in tenth-rate gambling.
Calais	That you will soon tire of your Continental trip, and stop prematurely.
Dieppe	That you will have about as much change and comfort as at Brighton in November.
Etretat	That you will be fortunate if you can secure comfortable lodgings.
Florence	That you will never enter another picture-gallery for years.
Geneva	That you will want to go away before you have fairly arrived.

(The Ideal.) The Merry Swiss Boy. (The Real.)

Heidelberg	That you can never have been abroad before.
Interlachen	That you will hear the opinions of a number of Mr. COOK's tourists on the Jungfrau.
Jerusalem	That if you have been advised to go there by your friends, you must be very unpopular.
Karlsbad	That if you intend taking the waters, you had better insure your life before commencing the operation.
Lucerne	That if you want to ascend either the Righi or Mont Pilatus, if you are judicious you will purchase a railway ticket.
Milan	That you will find little difference between the Passage Victor Emanuel and the Burlington Arcade.
Naples	That you had better keep a sharp look out on the returns of the cholera.
Ouchy	That you are likely to have a good time of it at the Hôtel Beau Rivage if "Perambulating Parsons" have let it alone.
Paris	That you are quite subservient to the wishes and dress-requirements of your wife.
Quebec	That you can see what some of the Colonists have exchanged for the indiscriminating hospitality of the Mother Country.

(The Ideal.) The Merry Swiss Girl. (The Real.)

Rome	That you wish to do a good turn to the doctors by choosing such a time for your visit.
Sedan	That you will develope a taste for the collection of Brummagem relics.
Turin	That you will want a good rest after doing Mont Cénis.
Unter den Linden	That you will be lured to visit a City well worth seeing by the unearned fame of one of its smallest attractions.
Vevey	That you had better stay there than go over the Simplon into tourist-teeming Italy.
Wiesbaden	That if you can't get "*Trente et Quarante*" or "*Rouge et Noir*" at the Kursaal, you may yet play at chess.
Zurich	That by the date you get there it will be time to think of coming home again.

SOLEMN FUNCTIONS OF MASHERDOM.

THE CIGARETTE AND UMBRELLA DRILL.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"THE RIVER OF LIFE."

'TIS a well-contrived story, with incident rife,
By JOHN LATEY Junior—*The River of Life.*

"UNDER TWO FIG-TREES."

A BRIGHT tale is a boon to the novel-detester;
Try this one that is written by H. FRANCIS LESTER!

"OLD COOKERY-BOOKS."

Here CAREW HAZLITT writes—and you 'll read it, I ween—
A long dissertation on ancient *cuisine:*
'Tis full of rare gossip of cooking and cooks,
And choicest excerpts from old cookery-books.
Well-arranged and well-indexed, 'tis lively and able,
This record of bygone delights of the table!

"WILDERGRAPHS."

HERE smiling, frowning, doubting, laughing,
Lamenting, thinking, bowing, chaffing:
All sorts of moods—the stronger, milder—
By clever Mr. MARSHALL WILDER:
Are reproduced in studies made
By skilful, graphic VAN DER WEYDE!

A DIFFICULT TASK.

LOOK at this from the *Athenæum*:—

EDITOR.—WANTED, a thoroughly competent and experienced GENTLEMAN as SUB-EDITOR and MANAGER of a New Weekly Paper, conducted on lines of Democratic and Liberal Conservatism. Must be able to take sole charge when required.—Apply by letter only in first instance, stating salary required, qualifications, experience, and full particulars, and enclosing Original Article on present position of Home-Rule Question, &c.

Anyone capable of inditing "an original article on present position of the Home-Rule Question" would probably, just now be a fit inmate for a lunatic asylum. We should think the final clause in this advertisement would debar any promising young man with regard for his intellect, from applying for this post of Sub-Editor.

WASHING OUT.

(A Suggestion.)

A FAIR Correspondent, who signs herself "THE DISTRESSED OWNER OF A WHITE POODLE," writes to *Mr. Punch* and asks, "Why doesn't somebody during this hot weather start a Company for the erection of Public Baths for Dogs? Such an institution," she continues, "would be hailed with delight by dog-owners in every town where branch establishments might be built." And she proceeds to point out that "many ladies, and especially young mistresses of pet dogs who themselves perform the weekly ablutions on those animals, would gladly pay to have the exhausting operation done for them, if only a proper bath, proper soap, and a man who thoroughly understood the business were guaranteed. I can imagine," she adds, "that on Saturday mornings the waiting-room of the Public Baths for Dogs would soon become one of the most fashionable resorts for Ladies with dogs of all descriptions, from the stolid mastiff with which some girls stalk about, looking like a living Una and the Lion, to the little white poodle, who, of all animals, I think needs the most strenuous—and in this weather almost impossible—efforts in the way of scrubbing and drying, and combing and brushing, before he can be converted from the disreputable sweep he gets by Friday night, into the lovely, glistening, white puff-ball he ought to appear on Sunday."

No doubt *Mr. Punch's* Correspondent has hit on a very good idea, and he really sees no reason why some enterprising capitalist should not take the matter in hand. It ought not to be difficult to provide the proper soap, or the man who thoroughly understands the business of scrubbing, combing, and even brushing the largest-sized and most stolid-looking mastiff. Indeed, as this creature, together with many of his larger brethren, is often washed at home under untoward circumstances, frequently escaping in the middle of the operation all over soap, and ultimately drying himself on the drawing-room furniture, anything like professional attendance out of the house would be surely hailed by his owners. Were the institution once installed, improvements would soon follow. The management might undertake the collection of the dirty dogs, and forward them, clean and properly "got up," to their respective residences, like the week's washing. The tariff of charges might depend, in some measure, on the character of the dogs themselves, a fractious and snappy creature, who resented soap and water being set down, of course, at a higher rate. On the whole, the idea of Public Baths for Dogs seems promising, and *Mr. Punch* trusts that, in giving it publicity, he may induce somebody to take it up, and that his Correspondent who possesses a white poodle may not much longer have to subscribe herself its "distressed owner."

The following comes, under the heading "Apiary," from the columns of the *Bazaar*:—"Ligurian or English swarms ready. Needful articles offered for tall men's trousers." What articles can these be? Is it a set of chain armour? Yet, what special service would that be in the case of tall men's trousers? Surely the "needful articles" must be leggings, to meet the trousers that are probably too short for the tall man, and so prevent the invasion of the "Ligurian and English swarms," that are said to be "ready." "Needful articles!" The whole subject is fraught with pain and mystery.

The Governors of Christ's Hospital are advertising for a Warden, and it is to be supposed that they will get the man they want, although at first blush it does not look as if it would be a very easy matter, "The qualifications," says the advertisement, "required of each candidate, are that he be a married man, between thirty and forty-five years of age, and a member of the Church of England, of superior education, a good correspondent, and with experience specially calculated to fit him for the duties of discipline and superintendence out of school hours of 700 boys, besides the general oversight of a considerable number of subordinate officers." It proceeds, "the duties of the Warden extend to Sundays, as well as to week-days," and then as if struck with the idea of "all work and no play," it adds as a saving clause, "with some relaxation at the vacations," but then finishes up, as if on second thoughts it meant to get as much out of the Reverend Candidate as possible, "that any gentleman taking the office, must consider his whole time as engaged by the Governors." As the salary is only £350, with a residence in the Hospital, and as apparently the office is held subject to re-election merely from year to year, one would not consider that a very dead

set would be made at the Governors to fill it. However, it is to be presumed that competition is stiff in the City as everywhere else, and that some poor wretch will be found willing to undertake the job at the figure named; but it is to be hoped that though he understands he is to consider his whole time as "engaged by the Governors," he will make a successful stand for "some relaxation at the vacations," — and, *coûte que coûte*, secure it.

PILLS AND PUPILS.

As there seems to be some doubt about the time in which the staff of the Royal Holloway College will be in full working order, *Mr. Punch* has much pleasure in jotting down a few questions, which together can serve, in the interim, as an Examination Paper for Candidates for admission:—

1. Who was the late Mr. HOLLOWAY, and why did he assume the title of Professor?
2. Trace the connection between the consumption of pills and the use of ointment with the opening of a "Sanatorium" for the cure of the Insane, at Virginia Water.
3. Given four thousand hungry and thirsty visitors, state how many slices of bread-and-butter, ham sandwiches, and jugs of "Claret cup" will be sufficient to furnish them with "evening lunch."
4. If you do not pass this examination, will it be correct to declare that you have been "pilled"?
5. If you are admitted, do you think it probable that you will be able to read the books of a Library containing no volumes, or to listen to the lectures by Professors who have no existence?
6. Last, and before all, say when you think Mr. MARTIN-HOLLOWAY will be made a Baronet by carrying out the directions of his "relative's" will, and whether you are *quite* sure that the title will be bestowed within a fortnight.

BAD FOR BURMAH.

Items of News à la Mode.

DESULTORY fighting is again reported from the whole of the Kyouksai district, and small bodies of our troops are, as usual, daily captured and cut down in out-of-the-way places.

The Lieutenant in command of a surveying party near the Yewoon Pagoda has been attacked and seized, together with his subordinates, and carried off by Shans. A flying column has been sent in pursuit, but being down with sunstroke after a three-mile march, it is not expected that it will hear anything of the fugitives.

Steps have at length been taken to provide an adequate Civil Staff for the Chindwin district of Upper Burmah, and a Commissioner has been appointed, who will have as complete control as he can exercise over 52,000 square miles of country. It is hoped that when he is able to visit every portion of it in turn, the best administrative results may be looked for. Incendiary fires continue with unabated vigour in and about Mandalay. The police express their inability either to prevent them or to put them out.

The General commanding the district, taking a walk yesterday, was carried off by some Shans, and has not been heard of since.

The Alompra Prince having put in an appearance with a considerable force in the vicinity of Thayetmyo, a small detachment was sent to dislodge him, but, owing to the condition of the jungle, the whole of it was in hospital at the time our reporter left.

A later despatch announces that what remained of it after a six days' siege has been surrounded by Dacoits, and cut to pieces.

The Chief Commissioner at Mandalay having applied for, but having been refused by the Indian Government, the assistance of sixteen deputies, whose presence he alleges is absolutely necessary to enable him to grapple with the merest details of his work, is confined to his bed with fever, induced by over-pressure and worry.

The attitude of the population is hostile and sullen, and nightly outrages continue with impunity. At the moment of the dispatch of our letter the outlook is not either encouraging or hopeful.

"SARCASTIC OLD THING!"

Husband. "I HAVE BEEN MAKING MY WILL, DEAR. LEAVING YOU EVERYTHING, WITH—AH—FULL POWER TO RE-MARRY——" *Wife.* "OH, DARLING, NEVER!"

Husband. "YES, LOVE. AND"—(*with a sardonic chuckle*)—"IN THAT CASE I SHALL FEEL ASSURED THERE WILL BE AT LEAST ONE WHO WILL DAILY DEPLORE MY DEATH!"

A MODEL PRELATE.—Of the late Cardinal GUIBERT, the Paris Correspondent of the *Morning Post* wrote, "He leaves no fortune, having spent all he possessed on the poor." Highly-salaried Ecclesiastical Dignitaries, and Comfortably-off Clergy generally, "Please copy."

HE PERSUADES HIS WIFE TO TRY THE "ANTI-SNORER" MACHINE, AS ADVERTISED WHICH "*KEEPS THE WEARER'S MOUTH CLOSED.*" HE SAYS YOU WOULDN'T KNOW IT FOR THE SAME HOUSE NOW, WHEN HE COMES HOME A LITTLE LATE FROM A PHILANTHROPIC MEETING!

THE LOST LETTER-BAG.

("*Litera scripta manet.*")

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE received the letter in which you inform me that you knew a man who was at St. Catherine's Hall, when I was at King's, and that you trust I will accept this as an introduction, and "use my influence in the Press," to secure favourable reviews for *Never say Die*, a novel written by a young lady, who is an acquaintance of your Aunt's!

Quite the Right Sorter Fellow.

I regret to observe that *Never say Die*, has not been placed in my hands for review, by any of the journals with which I am connected. I return with many thanks, the copy of the book which you kindly forward. Believe me, faithfully yours,

ARTHUR HACKSON.

V.

MY DEAR TOM,

WITH all the affectionate interest of a nephew, and an author, you upbraid me for lingering over "my musty old books," and neglecting "the utterances of clear contemporary genius." Now in the first place, my old books are *not* "musty." They are better printed than your modern stuff, on vellum or paper, *not* made mostly of some mineral substance, and the edges are not gilded with some brazen Britannia metal, like that now in use. But you care for none of these things, and maintain that the *writing* of to-day is better and simpler than the style of my old Sir THOMAS BROWNES and BURTONS. I may be prejudiced, but I don't think you are right. To-day I wished, out of pure weariness of the spirit, to look into this Irish hubbub, and opened a book by an author, whose style is lauded even by persons who dispute his accuracy. And I found in *The English in Ireland*,—I found an Asylum for Mixed Metaphors. "Wherever the traveller through Ireland discovers," says Mr. FROUDE, "in the midst of the wilderness, the signs of exceptional cultivation . . . . . these, he may assure himself, are the hoof-prints of some English family." Why "hoof-prints?" Is it to please the Irish that the English are credited with hoofs?

In the very next page, what stuff, my dear boy, is *this*? "The Squire and Squireen betted, smuggled, fought, ravished, drowned themselves and their fortunes, in claret, debt, and prodigality." *Passe* for the claret—the Red Sea, in which Lord STEYNE laid his ghosts. But in the following sentence, Mr. FROUDE speaks—after the drowning in the claret, of "those who lacked backbone, to swim against the stream, but who were unable *in such an atmosphere*, to find satisfaction," and so on. Think of a backboneless man, unable "to swim against the stream,"—of claret, I presume—and also unable to be satisfied "in such an atmosphere,"—the atmosphere of the stream, apparently. In a couple of pages, "the better sort" out of the stream at last,—"dropped off from the narrow road to the broad." You may stray from one road to another, but how can you "drop off?" These, my dear nephew, are examples from the first three pages opened at random, of your great master of style. You sneer at MACAULAY, but, in the matter of metaphors, MACAULAY at least "jined his flats." Mr. FROUDE's "flats" are *not* "jined;" in the carpenter's work of his stage, he falls below the humble standard of the old "Vic," or the "Brittaniaroxton." I return to my old books, whose authors could write.

Your affectionate Uncle,

THOMAS SMITH.

VI.

MY DEAR JONES,

WHO would be a father in these times? The stress of competition, the rush into every market, and the harsh system of examinations, combine to perplex a parent, and increase his trouble in finding an opening for a young man. You know my eldest boy, ALGERNON? He is,—though I say it,—a fine young fellow, and should "make his mark," though, of course, in these days of education, he can also write. But he cannot write Greek prose or Latin elegiacs, or English essays, so the Church, the Army, Schoolmastering, and even Journalism are closed to him. He has been *most* noble and unceasing in his attempts to procure a Commissionership, a private secretaryship, or a secretaryship to a Club, and has quite compelled all his friends to do all they can for him,—but in vain. Nor was he a success as the overseer of an Orange Plantation in Florida, where he lost all his capital, and where as he humorously says, all the oranges *he* could grow, made little but *le Marmalade Imaginaire*. There was, he says, (still in the style of the Theatre) "a severe frost," which blighted the orange blossoms in his plantations. He now suggests, (and it is on this subject that I want your advice, as you have travelled much in the Southern States of America, and in Central Africa) he suggests, I say, that I should take, and stock for him, an Alligator Farm. You cannot but have observed the popularity of alligator hide as an article of commerce. Travelling-bags and cigar-cases are made of this useful substance, and he does not despair of introducing it for ladies' boots.

ALGERNON's idea is that, kindly treated, and brought up by hand, alligators might be raised for the market in large numbers, and in a reliable manner, just as we breed trout, and that the precariousness of the plan of merely shooting casual alligators at sight could be obviated. What is your opinion of this scheme? And do you think the swamps of Florida, or the upper waters of the Blue Nile, the more promising site, on the whole for a factory, and for the development of this engaging industry? Answer soon, please, and oblige a parent, and your old friend. Ever yours, AUGUSTUS BARNACLES.

VII.

The following letter is evidently from some London Theatrical Manager, but unfortunately the address and signature have been obliterated by the damp:—

CAPITAL! Your Play has the highest qualities. It is poetic, without being verbose: it is natural, without exaggeration. It has strong dramatic interest, and I think that the part of *Clione*, when interpreted, as I sincerely hope it will be, by the lady for whom of all others, it is most evidently fitted, will establish your reputation as a dramatic author on a pedestal with SHAKSPEARE himself,—that is, I mean (for you will not suspect *me* of any fulsome flattery) as gifted with a genius for this sort of thing. Let TENNYSON find a home elsewhere; *I* am content with *you*.

Yet as even SHAKSPEARE himself requires the most careful supervision, so you will forgive me, if I say that your piece, perfect as it is, excellent as it is, from a purely literary point of view, requires professional assistance to insure success for its production. My stage knowledge and ample experience are at your service. I propose playing the part of *Amyntor*—did you not mean it for me?—You did, I feel it,—and it only wants a little amplification here and there, which I can suggest,—and I shall be happy and proud to be your *collaborateur* in this drama. Mark my words, *The Cataclysm*, by yourself and Me, will be a big hit! I have got some magnificent

HITS AT WIMBLEDON. By D. Crambo, Jun.

Signalling a Bull's-eye. A Crack Shot. Marking the highest possible Score. Finishing with a Magpie. Service Firearms.

Competitor for the Windmill. Signalling Caw. "Screw" Wind-gauge. Marksman making a Hoye Score. Pat-roll.

situations, and a scene between *Amyntor* and *Clione*, which —— but you shall hear it. Come and see me to-morrow when I will show you a few models and plans; one for a deluge, another for an earthquake (when *Amyntor* defies the Proconsul)—fine situation—and I have such an idea for a speech for *Amyntor* in this scene, the spirit of which I am sure you, with your poetic fire, will seize at once, and will make a great thing of it. Oddly enough I had a similar subject in my head for a play, and had had some sketches made, and had written a few scenes, which I was about to show to (*the name is almost illegible, but the remaining letters are apparently "H*rm**"*), when fortunately your letter and MS. arrived.

You know with whom I much infinitely prefer to collaborate—*I think*. Come and see me before I quit England and have half-an-hour's chat—indeed five minutes where kindred spirits meet will settle it,—and then we will astonish the public!

Yours enthusiastically, W*****

(*The rest of the signature is lost.*)

VIII.

MY EVER DEAREST MAMMA,

I feel the time is come for telling you the *rele truth* about this scool. I am sory to say it is not nearly such a nice place as it looked when you came to see it, but you must not be unhappy about that. I am trying hard to be brave and chearful. Now I will tell you about the life here. My form-master means to be kind, I am shore; but he is hasty, and throws books at the boys, and, if he misses a boy, he canes him. But I have not been caned yet—not by him. The Head Master caned me because I would say my diktasion the way you taught me. But I do not mind, my dere mother, and my whales are almost well. There is rather a nice boy sits next to me. He says he has supressed his measels for a fortnight, and is afraid he can't keep them in much longer. The other boys are very well, except two in bed in my dormitory with a kind of rash, which the matron says is only tifoid. German and French measels have been very popular, and a man with crape round his hat calls every morning with the other tradesmen for orders, which looks funny at first.

There are a good many bulleys among the big boys—one boxed my ears with a cricket-bat last week, though I am beginning to hear with my left if you shout down it; and then, as Uncle BOB said, I ort to be knoked about, but it is not pleasant at first.

The night before last we had a burglar break in. He fired his pistle at a boy who bared his progress, but he did not take my life, only my toy yat, and the cake Aunt MATILDA gave me; so I ought to be a grateful boy.

Some of the boys thought the hedmaster might have done more than crorl under his bed while the burglar was here; but you know, dere mother, he could not help being atacked by pannic; and, after all, we are not his own boys, only borders.

There is a good deal of drinking going on in the bedrooms by the bigger boys; but praps, as they say, it is only water, which it certainly risembles a little.

I often wunder if the holidays ever will come, and my hed akes with so much studdy, and I feel very languid when I go to bed and sob myself to sleap. Still I hope I shall servive one term of it, though I promise I will write the moment I feel I can bear it no longer.

Your afectionat Son,

TOMMY WASHINGTON EARNCAKE.

P.S. Plese don't alude to anything in this, if you write here.

IX.

(*Strictly Private.*) Madame will not sing for less than £800. If, however, in addition to engagement, you could guarantee her a show for the pair of them before Royalty (State Concert preferred), I dare say I could arrange for a reduction, of which half could be taken in unnumbered tickets, gallery and amphitheatre. (Address as usual.)

X.

MY DEAREST ALICE, *South Audley Street, July 7.*

I SCARCELY breathe, I dare not move,—this *dreadful* heat! Think of my *devotion* in writing to you! We have had a *terrible* week. I had, of course, to take MAUDE to Lord's. Nearly every one in white, very few people one knew. The young men grow more and more ill-bred. A friend of REGINALD's nearly *laughed* when I asked him why the Cambridge men run after the Oxford men's knocks,—I would let them ran after their own knocks. I think the Australians won. Talking of Australians, I never saw *anyone* like MARIA. You know REGINALD found her and married her at Melbourne, and she is being trotted round before the family, for inspection. She takes it very calmly. She admires *nothing*. Westminster Abbey, reminds her a little of the Rev. Mr. GILKES's tabernacle at Boonoorung. Of course, she needs *everything*, but I can do nothing with her. I took her to FELIX'S, and Madame STYLEY'S—she said she saw she would have to write out to Melbourne for what she needed! Can one be more Colonial? However, I have done my duty. Oh, these Elections! Nothing but Politics. When will people be rational again!

Ever yours, dearest ALICE,

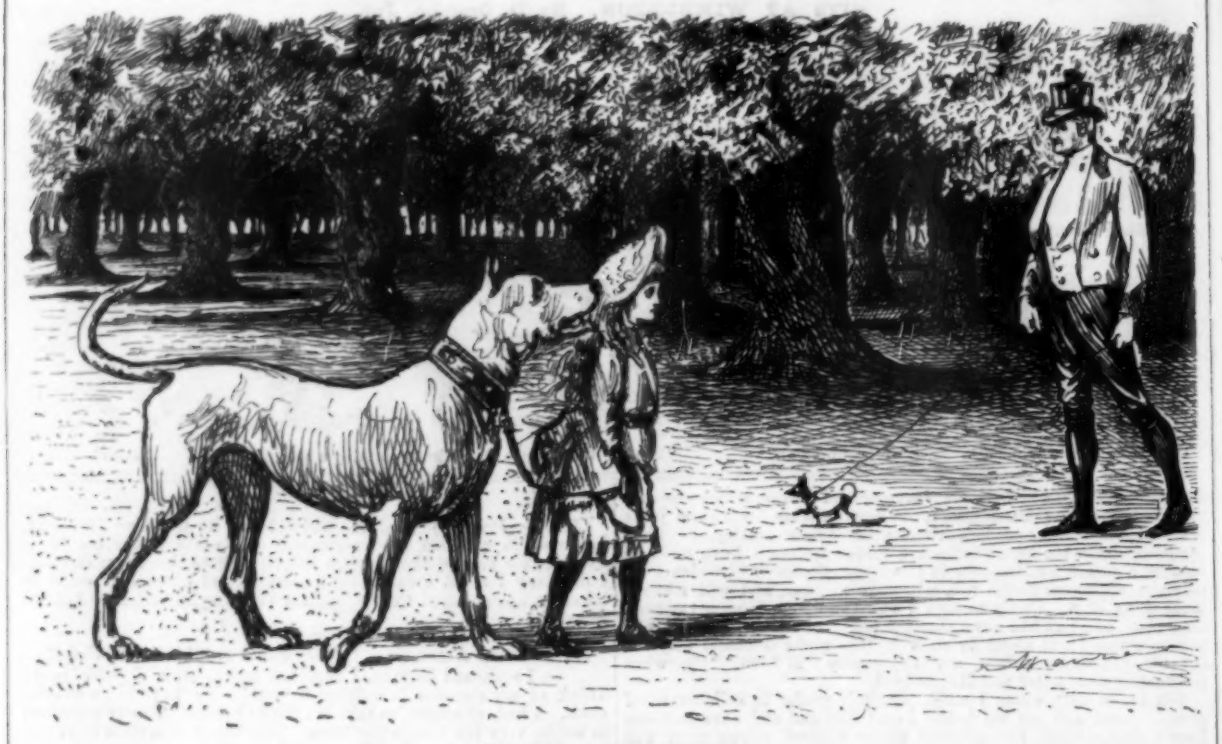
CAROLINE BRANCEPATH.

(*To be continued.*)

BUCKINGHAM PALACE *v.* ALBERT PALACE.

IT was unfortunate that H.R.H. should have selected last Friday for a State Ball at Buckingham Palace, as on that same night, Mr. WILLIAM HOLLAND, the People's Caterer, was giving an "Aristocratic Fête" at the Albert Palace, Battersea Park, which must have robbed the Royal saloons of many of their most distinguished ornaments. The privilege of admission to the Albert Palace was, as placarded at the door, "for cash only," and this announcement may have caused some of the leading members of the aristocracy to turn back and seek the less exclusive hospitality of Buckingham Palace, where anyone could get in merely for the asking. But those who were fortunate enough to possess the necessary silver vouchers spent a really very happy evening in shooting for nuts, taking light refreshments, listening to the singing in the *Café Chantant*, applauding WILLIAM the Caterer's speech, and witnessing the comical fireworks. The Aristocratic Fêters, having evidently ordered their carriages much later than was necessary, were for the most part compelled to "step it" all the way home, the supply of cabs being very limited, or perhaps the coachmen had made a mistake between the two palaces, as there were a considerable number of aristocratic equipages waiting in St. James's Park. Next Season two such great events must not happen on the same evening.

MR. GLADSTONE'S NEXT TRANSLATION.—From Home Rule to the Rules of HOMER.



"UNDER CONTROL."

THE FINISH!

BEATEN! All the world's agape,
As the winner breasts the tape.
Beaten, he the veteran "ped,"
Fleet of foot who long hath led
Over every distance; Well
Tides will turn, and time will tell.
He'd the choice of hour and course,
His the challenge. Fire and force
Failed him not, he did not flinch,
Shirk the spurt or fear the pinch.
But his rival dark and grim
Clearly has the foot of him.
His foreboding backers looked
Grave; but he no warning brooked.
He so often tried, so clever,
Felt as confident as ever.
Friends had he amid the throng,
Loud their shouts, their cheers rang strong,
Hats were tossed with the old zeal,
All his muscles seemed like steel:
He was never known to tire,
For the fray he felt a-fire;
Muttered doubts were all unheard.
Beaten by Black Bob? Absurd!
On! On final glorious spin
Crowned by one more splendid win,
And the veteran, vanquished never,
Quits the cinder-path for ever!

Fate not always grants a close
Such as brilliant peds propose.
What can ail that runner fleet?
Doth *Atra Cura* weight his feet?
Spite of all the ancient dash,
Black Bob's by him like a flash,
Spite of spurts prodigious, WILL
Falls into the rear, and still
Bob pounds on toward the tape.
Beaten! There is no escape.

ALL ROUND THE POND.

THERE having been some question raised, on sanitary grounds, as to the possible effects on the health of the children visiting the neighbourhood of the Round Pond during the prosecution of the "works" now in progress in Kensington Gardens, the following brief synopsis of regulations for the guidance of nursemaids, and others nearing the spot, has been drafted by the Authorities:—

1. The most wholesome time for walking in the neighbourhood of the emptied pond would be in the cool of the evening after nine at night and between that hour and sunrise the following morning.

2. Should it not be found convenient for parents to send their children out at the hours above indicated as most fitting, it would be as well that they should not allow them to stay too long in the immediate vicinity of the fresh black mud, especially when the thermometer is marking 83° in the shade, unless—

(*a*) being a child in arms, it is provided with an ample respirator; or
(*b*) being one or more children in a perambulator, they are protected by a curtain steeped in carbolic acid; or
(*c*) being several children of the same household, they are accompanied by the family doctor, who will prescribe freely for them at the nearest chemist's on leaving the Gardens.

3. In the event of children having inadvertently loitered on the spot, without having had regard to any of the foregoing precautions, they should, on going home, be narrowly watched, when one or more of the following symptoms may be confidently expected to develope themselves:—

(*a*) An eruption of blue spots on the chest, arms, and face.
(*b*) Violent shivering-fits, accompanied by hysterics.
(*c*) Paralytic seizure, more or less pronounced.
(*d*) Total prostration of the nervous system, accompanied by coma.

THE LOST ACCORD.

THE LAY OF THE LIBERAL EDITOR.

AIR—"*The Lost Chord.*"

SEATED to-day o'er our "Organ,"
I am weary and ill at ease,
For when one's Party's divided,
How should a Paper please?
I know not what to be saying,
Or how to direct my pen;
Our Party's harmonious music
I never may play again.

I'm flooded with rival appealings
As to whom to award the palm,
And they lie on my fevered spirit,
Which nothing, alas! can calm.
Disquiet, and pain, and sorrow
Make up my diurnal life,
With inharmonious echoes
From our discordant strife.

I'd link G.'s perplexéd meanings,
But I can't, and it mars my peace;
I tremble here in the silence,
And would that the war would cease.
I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
The old accord divine,
Which once was the soul of our "Organ,"
And entered into mine.

It may be some new evangel
Will bring that accord again;
But I fear it is sent to—say Heaven,
By our grandest of Grand Old Men!

THE FINISH.

ROBERT'S RECKERLEKSHUNS.

"Ah, my Boy, that 's reel Tuttle."

I SUMTIMES has the idear, when bizness is slack and money raythur scarse, of writing sum sitch a Book as other men of large and waried egsperience finds so werry prophetable. I'm jest a leetle undecided as to the name I shood give it, and as I spose as the name is about the most importentest part of sitch books as I eludes to, I shall leave it for further considerashun weather I shall call it, Rummynissences of a hactive life, or Rewelations of human Weaknesses by a Looker on or Tails of other days by a Waiter on Fortune. We waiters nessessarily sees and hears many things as isn't ment to be seen or herd, and nothink but the honnerabel understanding as exists between hed waiters and gentelmen, purmits that puffect freedom of speech so esential to reel enjoyment. So the heager Public will be terribly disapinted if they expecs from my pen an ink any one line as 'ud bring a blush to any blooming cheek, or pane to any living sole; but, without trenching on that sacred soil, there seems to me to be plenty of emusing and even hintresting fax as the Public would not willingly let dye, as as cum to my eyes or ears during my perfeshnal career.

To begin with my werry herliest reckleksbuns:—

I was born in the grate Citty of London, ever so long ago, the best place for anybody to be born in, be he who he may; and if I was a going for to be born again, witch isn't werry likely, I shood suttenly say "Let it be there!" My good old Father was sumthink in the Copperashun, I don't know what, but it used to take him every day to do it, and wen he come home at night he used to tell us all next morning all the wunderfool things and people as he had seen, and that was how I got my revverence for that grand old Institootion, the noblest, as I thinks, as the world ever seed. I didn't have werry much skooling, my Father saying as he never had none after he was 10, and he had dun werry well without no more, and mine larsted from the childhood of 5 up to the ripe age of 11.

The good use as I made of my raythur limited time, I must leave my reeders to judge for theirselves. My mother being busy in the shop, which was in the Green Grocery line, she allers sent our little made of all work—I may say littorally of all work—to see me safely to Skool. In going to that jewvenile prepare-a-tory establishmeant, it was nessessary to pass near the hend of the Hold Bayley, and ewery Monday morning, which was hanging day, I was allers told by my little Nuss, that if I was a good boy I shood stand there and see the people hanging. And the temtashun had such a horribel fassination for me that I was always good on Monday mornings, and resseved my dew reward, tho the dredful site used to hornt me so of a nite that I lay bathed in prusperation, and, to this day, I never can see a long wite nite cap without a shudder. I have told elsewheres how it was as I cum for to be a Waiter, so I needn't repeat it here, but hurry on to reckleksbuns of my future life afterwards. About the werry fust thing as I remembers seeing happen at the Gildhall on a Lord Mare's Day after dinner, reminds me of the wunderfool change as has taken place in one respect, as I supposes I am bound to consider to be a himprovement, and that is as regards the effects of a good dinner on mankind in gineral. Whether it is as the wines is weeker or the heds is stronger, of course I don't no, but the diffrence is suttenly werry striking. I know as it is so to me. Many and many a time have I had to see a most respectabel gentelman home to his own dore in a cab, and I never got less than harf a crown for my trubbel, and sumtimes a good deal more. Nothink makes a man so ginerous as a few glasses of wine more than he can cumfertably wark steddy with and tork steddy with, but alass, all them good old customs is changed. And no wunder, when I sumtimes sees as much water as wine on a Dinner Tabel, and I've acshally seed two Mayniacs a taking grapes together insted of a glass of wine! Of course it's all right for ewerybody to be sober and good and wirtuous, or to look as if they was, but we loses much of the freedom and the hartyness and the freshness of the holden times. Ware's your 3 bottel man now? and the Echo ansers ware. In my umbel judgment the World's a gitting too sollem by arf, and I ain't not quite sure as they're werry much the better for it. We Waiters don't hear the jolly stories as used to set all the Tables a roaring as SHAKSPEAR says, Waiters and all, and wot 's the consequents. Why the gests all goes away sollem and mean, instead of jolly and ginerous.

But to my Tail. The Dinner was over and the gests was a strollin about the Lobbys as they used to do before there wasn't not no Libery, when I seed with my own estonished eyes two gents a fiting with fistes jest like quite common people. One was a Mr. CHIZZLEM HANSTY, M.P., or sum sitch name, and the other was a reel Common Councilman, as I arterwards learned, and they was a nocking one another about so horfully that I quite xpected to see the blud run, but it didn't, when who shood cum up but my Lord PARMERSTONE, who taking the M.P.'s harm in hisn warked away with him, saying quite loud, "My dear HANSTEY you mustn't fight with such a feller as that!" and then he looked round at us, and acshally winked at us, Waiters and all! Ah, he was summat like a Prime Minister he was. I carn't quite imadgine either Mr. GLADSTONE or Lord SORLSBURY acting quite in that Jewdishus way.

As I ain't got no notes but ony my memmery to trust to, I carn't put things reglar, but ony jest as they cums. The nex thing then as I remembers is having to wait, somewheres in Soho, on a lot of French Refugees, and I seed 'em mix a bowl of Punch such as I never seed it afore or since. They put in it fust a bottel of brandy, then a bottel of rum, then a bottel of gin, then a kettel full of strong green tea, then a pound of lofe sugar, and then they stirred it all together, and then they set it alite! They saw as I looked raythur estonished, so the Chairman, like a reel gentelman as he was, tho' he was a Frenchman, pore fellah! poured me out a bumping glass all afire, and sed "Punch Dom," and pinted to the dore and to the candles; so I put em all carefully out and looking round as I left the room I saw the most orful site as I ever seed, for the lited Punch made all their faces look quite blue, and their feetures all a gibbering and making faces at me. They stopt there about 2 hours a singing songs and choruses, and then left, and I will say for 'em they all bowed to me as they past and was apariently as sober as judges is allus supposed to be.

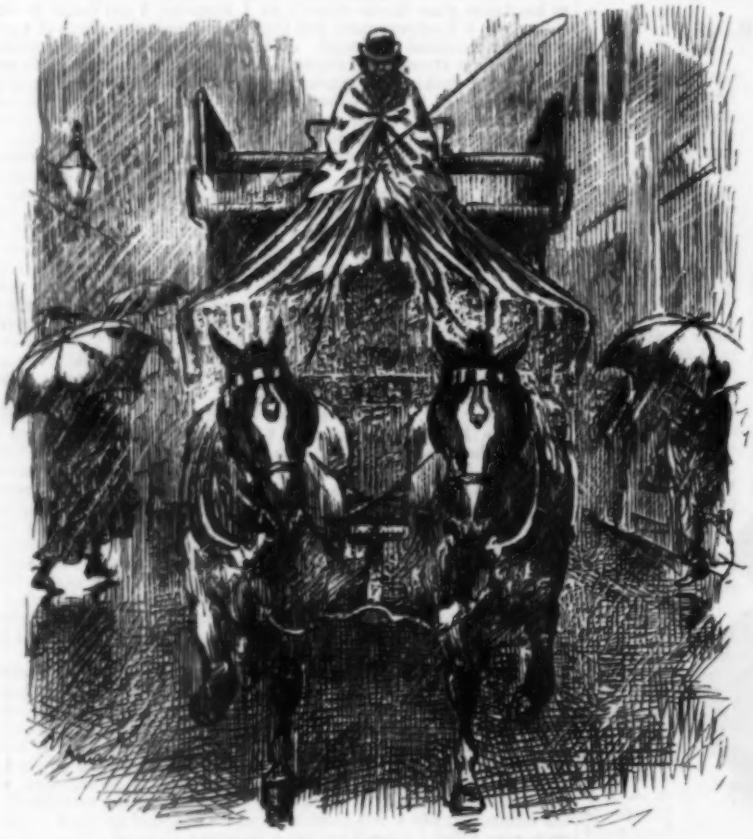
ROBERT.

AT THE ZOO.

SEAL MAKING AN IMPRESSION.

Write him down an Ass-ouan.

IT appears from the Army Medical returns that the deaths among the troops at Assouan for the last quarter have been two hundred, or at the rate of forty per cent. per annum, and that the losses of the Dorsetshire Regiment amount to almost one entire company out of the whole strength of the regiment. Moreover, the officers on the spot say that the men who are left would be incapable of making a six miles' march in the existing weather, and that they strongly condemn the policy of keeping troops in such a climate at all. No doubt the officers are right—but who is responsible for the matter? Evidently, from his selection of Assouan, it is clear that he is an ass who an',—whoever he may be.



WINDOW STUDIES.—FULL INSIDE.

LYRICS IN A LIBRARY.

V.—TO AUSTIN DOBSON.

"AT THE SIGN OF THE LYRE."

If some great critic's keenest wit
Could animate my line,
I 'd call a toast unto the host
Where hangs the Lyre for sign.

Poor bardlets who despairing view
Parnassian heights divine,
Like some of us look envious,
Where hangs the Lyre for sign.

We read the lay of *Phyllida*,
Whose stanzas aye enshrine,
With nicest art, a tender heart;
Where hangs the Lyre for sign.

The hair of *Rose*, and *Dora's* nose,
In one wild sketch combine;
Our hearts are scarred just like the bard,
Where hangs the Lyre for sign.

Though nought could stay *Incognita*,
With smiles hid in her eyne,
One had full fain been in that train,
Where hangs the Lyre for sign.

A poet this in truth, I wis,
Of wit and fancy fine;
Horatian spells are his who dwells,
Where hangs the Lyre for sign.

Good wine needs ne'er a bush, they swear,
Yet these poor leaves of mine,
Mid laurels die that flout the sky,
Where hangs the Lyre for sign.

MEMORABLE IN THE ANNALS OF THE ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY. — Wednesday night, July 7th, on the occasion of the last Fête of this Season in the Botanical Gardens, was deliciously warm, and our enjoyment was not damped by a single drop, or by any number of drops, of rain. Fancy a Botanical Fête without a shower! Illuminations perfect. Great success. All Sweetness and Light.

A VACATION VADE-MECUM;

or, Touring Made Easy.

FIRST, as regards the item of CLOTHING. Make it a rule to dress *as well as you can* everywhere! This will keep up your own feeling of self-respect, which is liable to be lowered by constant contact with railway porters, hotel servants, and lodging proprietors. Always ascend a mountain in frock coat, lavender gloves, and a new silk hat. If going on a shooting expedition on the moors, or in a marshy country, patent leather boots and a white waistcoat are *de rigueur*. You will find an opera-hat useful for startling shy game, besides increasing the respect felt for your personal appearance. If you are travelling over the *Mer de Glace*, wear pumps, if you want to *really* astonish the Swiss guides. If ascending Snowdon, or Ben Nevis, you will find that mountain-climbing is an excellent method of discovering whether your last new pair of boots is a good fit or not.

When at the station take an insurance ticket. Accidents may happen at any moment, and it is as well to be prepared. As a fire may break out in the guard's van, it might be wise to insure your luggage in some Fire Office before starting. Carefully select the middle carriage of the train, and avoid carriages which have any defect, however slight, such as a wheel off. Arrive at the station *at least* half-an-hour before the train goes, and spend the time in making quite sure that the driver, stoker, guards, and all the officials of the train are perfectly sober. Give the driver a subtraction sum to do in his head, and ask him to pronounce "Popocatapetl;" this will be sure to unmask him, if he is intoxicated, unless he refuses to answer at all, as is quite probable, in which case you can appeal to the station-master, if you like, who will most likely lock you up till the arrival of a policeman, as a new kind of lunatic at large. However, even this would be preferable to the prospect of having an inebriated engine-driver in control of the train.

Having secured your travelling ticket, your life insurance ticket, and your luggage fire insurance ticket, place them all *not* in your pocket, but in the band of your hat. This will give a neat and tasteful appearance to your costume, besides enabling any other passenger who is unprovided with a ticket to help himself to yours, should you take a nap.

Have your hat, if possible, constructed so as to protect your head, in case of a violent blow or fall. You never can tell that your fellow-passenger is not a felon in disguise, and should he, in a dark tunnel, aim a blow at your head with a life-preserver, it will be quite laughable to see how disappointed he will look when he discovers the thick iron plating inside. It will also be useful if you run into another train, an event which may happen at any time. In that case be careful to adopt a proper *collision attitude*, which is as follows. Lift your feet to a level with your eyes, and hold them there as long as the collision lasts. In this way you will avoid being jammed when the seats come together. Besides this, you must fix your hat firmly on your head, shut your eyes, and hold on to the cushions.

Always carry a note-book, and do not forget a pencil, so that you can jot down anything of interest in the conversation of those around you, who will then probably take you for a police spy. Ask questions about the crops, the local antiquities, the history and characteristics of the places you visit, &c., and don't mind waking up a sleepy fellow-passenger, in order to point out any nice bit of scenery that you may see from the carriage window. In this way you will make "troops of friends"—who will troop into another carriage at the next station, to get out of your way.

"THE PASTORAL PLAYERS."—The Reverend STEWART HEADLAM certainly ought to be enrolled among the company. By the way, in his own parish, he is both Chief Pastor and Head-lam. Instead of HEADLAM the Reverend Gentleman's name might be appropriately changed to "Pet-Lam of the Ballet."

STARTLING OCCURRENCE IN WHITEHALL PLACE.—(*See the "Times" of July 8th.*)—That much-travelling body the Commissioners in Lunacy have gone off with an echoing report!

AN OBSEQUIOUS TRADESMAN.—An Undertaker.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 38.

A DREAM OF MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES RECEIVING THE REPRESENTATIVES OF HIMSELF, AS DEPICTED IN THE VARIOUS ILLUSTRATED PAPERS.

THE ELECTION.

(By a Disgusted Débutante.)

JUST a few weeks in town,
Just as I 'd bought a gown,
Amber and gold and brown,
Quite too delightful;
Just as the Season brings
All sorts of pleasant things,
We 've to fly, as on wings.
Isn't it frightful?

In other days the House
Sat till men slew the grouse,
Now they 've no sort of *vous*;
This Dissolution,
Coming at such a time,
Surely is quite a crime
'Gainst our dear, dull, sublime,
Old Constitution.

They *will* oppose Papa,
So I, and poor Mamma,
Sadly must say "Ta-ta,"
His defeat fearing;
We shall have no more fun,
For us the Season 's done,
Off the whole party run,
Electioneering.

Bother their politics,
All their election tricks,
I 'm in a pretty fix,
All my plans undone:
Oxford and Cambridge blue,
Eton and Harrow too,
Unseen: what shall I do,
Whirled out of London!

FROM Messrs. PARKINS AND GOTTO *Mr. Punch* has received a sample of "Union Stationery," consisting of envelopes on which the Union Jack figures as a sort of water-mark. It is considered as peculiarly appropriate to the present time; but *Mr. P.* is of opinion that it is suitable for any future time in the history of Great Britain—though, admittedly, "there is no time like the present"—as he trusts "the Union" will always be what Messrs. P. and G.'s wares are; *i.e.*, "Stationary." So that 's a Motto, For PARKINS AND GOTTO.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CATALOGUE OF THE PROPOSED COLONIAL MUSEUM.

237. Coal-Waggon, sometimes let out for the Races at 'Appy 'Ampton—used by the Government to convey the distinguished Colonists from the Railway Station, Aldershot, to the Enclosure, at the Royal Review.

238. Section of a quaint Sandwich which served as a *pièce de résistance* at a Banquet offered to the Colonial Visitors after the Opening of Professor HOLLOWAY'S "Pillories" by HER MAJESTY.

239. Committee-Man's Badge, lost by a Common Councillor at the Guildhall Ball in the Crypt Supper-Room, and found well in advance of the wreck of a lady's fan.

240. Cards of Invitation sent by Members of the House of Peers to a Lady believed to belong to the *crème de la crème* of Society in Queensland.

241. One Hundredweight of "K.C.M.G." Stars, found to be in excess of those needed for wholesale distribution.

242. "Family-Trees" of Mr. BOSISTO and other eminent Australians, showing the connection between those distinguished persons and the Mother Country.

243. Prescription for Dyspepsia, gratuitously presented by a celebrated physician to colonial sufferers from injudicious hospitality.

244. Five hundred Return Tickets, sacrificed by Colonials preferring State recognition in England to obscurity at the Antipodes.

RUSSIAN CRICKET.—Her play is to bowl out England, and come out strong at Batoum.

GHOST-RIDDEN.

I CAN scarcely quite remember when my martyrdom began,
When conviction came upon me that I was a Haunted Man;—
But I fancy ten, or perhaps a dozen, years have passed away
Since the first of many phantom forms appeared to me one day,
In the shape of an unusually large and active Mouse,
With a face like a geranium, and the plumage of a Grouse.
'Twas the herald or forerunner of unnumbered spectral hosts,
For I 've ever since been harassed by the quaintest kinds of ghosts.

I had just become accustomed to this goblin, when I met,
In an unfrequented country lane, a Donkey, black as jet.
As he dawned upon my gaze I thought I *must* have got the jumps,
For he wore a naval uniform and patent-leather pumps.
But I summoned up my courage, and approached him with a smile,
Gasping "Good old chap!" and sundry other blandishments the while;
Then he turned on me an eye that with a livid lustre shone,
Gnashed his teeth, as though in anger—danced a hornpipe—and was gone!

I have often been awakened from an after-dinner doze,
By the vision of a Beetle crawling up and down my nose.
When this grisly apparition first beset me, I confess
That I uttered piteous shrieks of consternation and distress.
But as soon as I discovered that my visitant was naught,
A mere phantom, unsusceptible of being squashed or caught,
I regarded it complacently, and even made a boast
Of my intimate acquaintance with a Coleopter's Ghost.

I 've been haunted by a tea-cup with a handle like an asp,
Which, whene'er I tried to clutch it, glided gently from my grasp;
Yet the volatile utensil did not terrify me much,
And I felt that, at a pinch, I could put up with twenty such.

But when a scarlet Camelopard with an orange-tawny head
Called upon me late one winter night and sate down on my bed,
Where it sang the Christmas Carol and "*I'll meet Thee in the Glen!*"
I concluded on the spot that I was not as other men.

Just imagine my amazement when a seven-headed Tench
Waddled up to me one morning, and accosted me in French.
"*Bonjour, cher,*" it said, "*comment ça va?*" I stammered in reply,
"*Assez bien, merci; et toi, ma vieille?*" which rather wiped its eye.
But the spectre-fish was sociable—it perched upon a wall
And narrated racy stories in the language of the Gaul,
Till I happened, quite in error, to address it as a Bream,
When it frowned on me reproachfully, and vanished, like a dream.

Of the spectral visitations that I suffer when in town,
The one that most annoys me is a Pantomimic Clown.
This persistent apparition is my torment and my bane,
With his loathsome string of sausages and, "Here we are again!"
For remonstrance and anathema he airily derides,
While he plagues me with "*Hot Codlins,*" and with mimic buttered slides.
In a word, his persecutions make me feel extremely sad,
And, unless I soon get rid of him, I fear he 'll drive me mad.

Lately, too, my wife has shrunk from me, again and yet again,
Just as though she thought that something were the matter with my brain.
And I 've noticed that my children, whom I hold exceeding dear,
Labour under the impression that "Papa is sometimes queer."
Poor young things! I scarce can wonder that they look on me with dread,
As a perilous progenitor, completely off his head,
For, whilst worried by one goblin or another ev'ry day,
I conduct myself, no doubt, in an insensate sort of way.

Why, I ask, should *I* be chosen as a kind of *rendezvous*
By this frivolous, illogical, phantasmagorian crew?
Why should spirits, all uncalled for, rise from out the vasty deep,
Just to tease me all day long, and even rob me of my sleep?
They are not devoid of humour, I confess, as spectres go,
But the fact that they are funny rather aggravates my woe;
For it riles me that the ghost of a Blackbeetle or a Moke
Should destroy my peace to gratify its fondness for a joke.

HINTS TO HOUSEHOLDERS.

HOW TO GET A SUMMER CHANGE.

1. INVITE your rich Maiden Aunt at Southsea to come to Town and "enjoy some of the gaieties of the London Season." When she arrives, develope alarming symptoms of general debility, say that "your medical man orders you away, but that you really don't see how you can afford it." It is ten to one that she will place her very desirable Southsea residence at your disposal for as many weeks as you may care to occupy it. Accept the offer with effusive thanks, *at once*, or it may be withdrawn; and then take your wife and family down to Southsea by the next train. Give your children the run of all your Aunt's best rooms, and the free use of her most cherished drawing-room ornaments and nick-nacks, and leave *her* to settle with your London tax-collector when he calls.

2. If you are so unfortunate as to have no Maiden Aunt, at Southsea or elsewhere, you might do worse than advertise your House to Let. If you put it into a House-Agent's hands, it is wisest to discover what his rate of commission is, whether he is humorous enough to charge just as much for failing to let, as for securing you a good tenant, and whether you have the wherewithal to pay him. If you can possibly let your domicile by the Agent's help, and then do him out of his commission on the plea that the tenant came to you "through a friend," so much the better.

3. Should any ill-advised person come to inspect your house with a view to taking it, be sure to have all your best furniture conspicuously displayed. It would be as well also, while you are advertising, to get a few handsome chairs, rugs, pictures, &c., in, *strictly on the Hire System*. You can promptly send them all back as soon as you have really booked your summer occupant.

4. If your rental only amounts to one hundred pounds a year, including all rates and taxes, and you can extract six or eight guineas a week out of your tenant, thus enabling you both to go away on a jaunt and make money at the same time, you may congratulate yourself on effecting a decided stroke of business.

5. If possible, let your own house in London *and* secure your Maiden Aunt's house at Southsea. If you cannot do the latter, pay a round of visits instead to friends who haven't invited you and don't want you. You will then be living absolutely rent-free, as well as pocketing three or four guineas weekly out of your let. N.B. The three or four guineas had better be spent by the Householder in satisfying the claims of Her Majesty's Revenue Officers, and his own conscience, unless he is about to leave his house for good, in which case the rates and taxes may with advantage be left for the ensuing tenant to pay.

6. If all these plans fail, explain to your wife how really delightful Kensington Gardens are during the hot weather in July and August, and what a privilege it is to have the "Colinderies" so near, and declare that you would not for the world dream of dragging her and the children away from such a Paradise this summer. Then pack up your portmanteau, borrow fifty or a hundred pounds from any friend who is just off to Jamaica or Hindostan, and whom you are not at all likely to meet again for ten years or so, and spend a happy month in Switzerland or Norway, with a week in Paris *en route*. *Verb. sap.*

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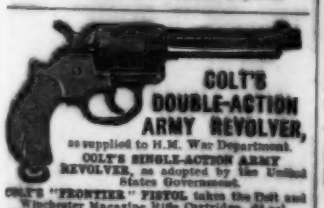
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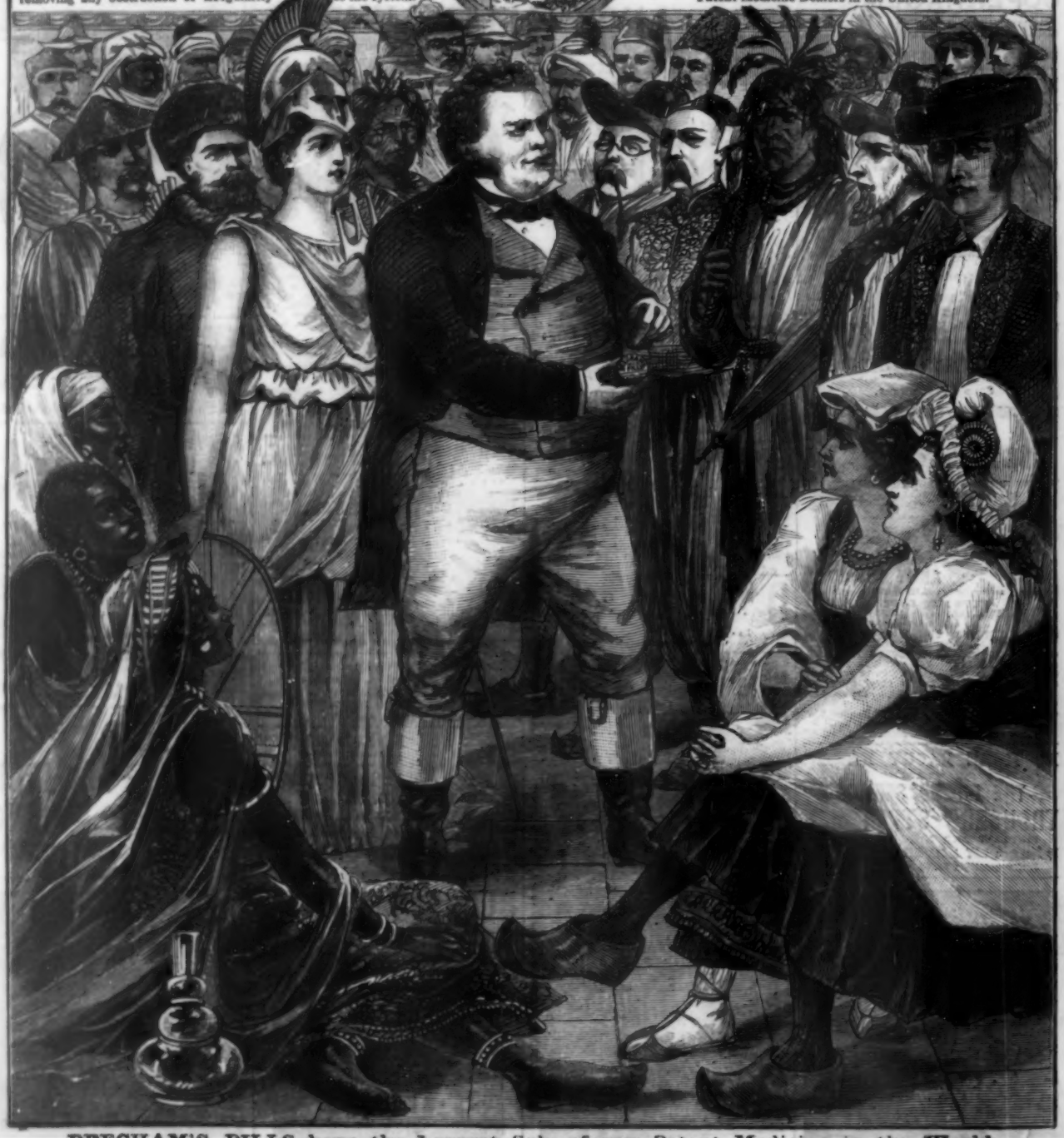

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